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Northern Lyrics



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To Rosalia Jacobsen

Northern Lyrics

Introit

*Men of the North, 'mid hum and stir,
Ring of anvil and fret of loom,
Build for your Thought a thoroughfare,
Keep for your Soul a silent room!*

A Northern Song

There is music in the autumn aisles of sleep,
And the plaintive woodland voices call me forth,
Where the tide of leaves is flowing light and deep
In the golden windy sunshine of the North.

There are sudden floods of leaves whose tinkling speech
Breaks in pools of gathered sunlight from the oak ;
There are scarlet waves of colour from the beech,
And they hide the happy earth as with a cloak.

There are belts of brooding mist that turn to gold
On the brackens, dusky-red, beneath the hill ;
There are fretted ferns all crumpled on the wold
With the light of Summer evenings in them still.

Ah, the reminiscent reaches of the wood,
With the rose-flame of the sunset in the sky ;
Not a leaf but tells how beautiful it stood—
Not a leaf but murmurs softly, "All things die!"

And the forest-shrine is bright with burnished gold,
Tiny sandals are the leaves from spirit-feet:
Let us worship in the temple as of old,
For the place is holy ground whereon we meet.

An Insurgent of Art

L ike a tired lover I rest on her bosom,
I, the Insurgent of Art . . . Thou, the Glory,
Worshipped of Cherubím, leaning toward me;
Now through the yellowing clouds of the rushes,
Now o'er the music of waters melodic,
Now from the wavering blue fields of heaven,
Or from the daffodil's soundless pale trumpet,
Drawing my soul with miraculous ardours!
What is thy purpose? Ah! What is thy doing?
White stars are water-blooms set in the ocean,
Young lives are petals from one burning Blossom,
Fallen from altitudes starry and primal—
Welcome the wind that shall blow them to shelter,
Breathe on their circumstance, shape the Soul's eddy,
Separately fire and transform all this wonder.
I, thy lost lover, long-waiting, have found Thee,
I, who had seen Thy sheathed colours, descending,
Melt into violets, flow into pansies,
Know that the Master hath need of the artist!
Out of the force of His Being, atomic,

Came I, and go I, ripe seed of His sowing;
Reticent, mutinous, still have I found Thee,
Steadfast I worship, for Thou art so near me—
Set in a Soul, my one Holy of Holies!

The Coming of June

A wake! awake! the virgin morn is breaking; in
violet vapours sinks the clear May moon;
And these deep-petall'd stars in lofty shaking fling silvern
flakes against the gates of June!

Mother of all the ages, round thee clinging the cloudy
graces of thy sunlit birth—

Gather thy children round thee softly singing, "Earth
for the earth!" thou happy, happy Earth!

Touch thou the chrysalis . . . the seal is broken!—kiss
thou the chalice, lo! . . . the asphodel!

Speak with thy lips and God hath surely spoken—there
is no sorrow, for the world is well!

Where the blue wave of hyacinth steals on thee, the rich
contralto of the thrush is spent

And these dawn-fragrances break in upon thee from
borderlands of absolute content!

Thy dewy cheeks are ever slowly lifting to blossom'd
heavens blossoms of the earth;

The far ethereal gifts of God up-drifting fall to thy
fruited bosom 'mid thy mirth:

The pansies place their velvet faces whither thy soft
breath bloweth to the perfect peace—
And golden butterflies to wander thither creep from the
grasses in a sweet release!

Soul of my soul! thy tremulous excesses hold for my
heart the ancient world-desire,
And the inheritance which blesses, ever blesses, kindles
anew the olden human-fire;
Dream of my dream! within my dreams I see thee,
vestur'd in gladness, and thy conscious face
Mirror'd in moments of thine own, which free thee unto
new ecstasies of changing grace!

Therefore awake! and with old fervours round thee;
girdled with wings, new thoughts of God, arise!
Rare odours of the wind-blown East surround thee . . .
the happy light falls on remember'd eyes!
The splendid Purpose sets thy soul a-singing and warm
above thee breaks the fragrant sod . . .
The lark with rapture sets the world a-ringing and speaks
thy vision in the face of God!

Mors et Vita

I threw the dead leaves at my love,
Sweet hawthorn and yellow-stain'd oak;
The berries which trembled above
Had caught the red gleam of her cloak.
O, love! with the laughing brown eyes;
O, life! which I claim as my own;
O, little white hands which uprise—
Throw back the red leaves that are thrown!

* * * * *

God strew'd the dead leaves on my love,
Brown aspen and cones of the fir;
The elm-tree which towered above
Stood black, like a sign of despair.
O, love! with the close-sealéd eyes;
O, death! which I claim to dethrone;
O, life that shall rise! that shall rise—
Renew the old love with my own!

Voices in the Wind

‘Twas but a moment ago, or a season, a beat
Of the heart—thou wert near me;
Now, on the meadows of God, flower-hung, I
May speak but thou never wilt hear me!

So little change in the time and the place,
And the foliate stars are as ever:
Only to one who had looked in thy face comes
The joy and the peace of it, never!

We had been talking of this and of that, till
The trammels of flesh were forsaken;
Silent and swift came the God of thy good and
The good of the dear God was taken!

Was it the twilight that curtained thy going,
Unfeatured and trancéd and singing?
Round thee the Faces of Thought in the
Dreams of Divinity laughing and clinging;

On thee the sunshine of God and the alien air
And the breath of the morning—
Raptured with living did Earth, in our joy, for
One moment thus merit thy scorning ?

We had been comrades so long in the form of
Our speech and the wealth of our being—
Strange ! if the Secret of Life should have led
Thee, once wayward, from out of my seeing.

Only I know that the truth of it all is that
Somewhere a Gladness hath found thee :
Thou wert so full of a music Divine that
Divine songs must surely surround thee !

Therefore I wait, and I say to the winds and
The waves and the sweet cloudy weather
Day after day—"Have ye seen in the ways of
The world God and my friend together?"

A Night Prayer †

(SUGGESTED BY GÖTTERMORAL "NACHTGEBET")

Fear not, poor heart,
Nothing can harm thee :
So strong thou art
What can alarm thee?
The timid deer
Lies at last sleeping—
Be of good cheer,
Wherefore this weeping ?

Fear not, poor heart,
Love is around thee ;
His tender art
Long ago crowned thee.
And all the years
Are but the by-ways,
Through joy and tears
To God's own high-ways !

Fear not, poor heart,
Tossed by such sorrow ;
Faithful thou art—
Sleep, till the morrow.
Then fresh and strong
Thou shalt awaken
No day too long,
No bright hope shaken !

A Bird Song

A little bird whispered so light and low—
“Cheerily! cheerily! greet the day.
Summer is coming, I know, I know,
Nobody ventures to say me nay!
Hark! hark! my brightest song
Cheerily! cheerily! all day long!”

A little bird whispered so light and low—
“Look at me! look at me! look and learn.
Winds in the larches may blow and blow
All that I think of is Love’s return!
Hark! hark! the earth is glad
Cheer up! ah! cheer up! no longer sad.”

A little bird whispered so light and low—
What is it? what is it makes thee mourn?
Pansies and daisies are all aglow,
Poppies will colour the rising corn.
Sing! sing! thy brightest song
Cheerily! cheerily! all day long!”

Autumn Leaves

Slippers and sandals are fallen leaves :
Whither are all the glad worshippers flown ?
Summer to Autumn with rapture cleaves,
Robins are piping to worlds wind-blown.
Aerial high-ways of leaf are bare—
Where the invisible mosque of Prayer ?

Dove-wings are shaking the golden seas—
Hark ! the soft spray of the swirling oak ;
Breezes are tempests in autumn trees,
Clad in a radiant gold-grey cloak !
Brothers and sisters in God's own air.
Leading His lives to a mosque of Prayer.

A Song of the World

From North to South, from East to West,
I heard the music of the earth—
A lullaby for those at rest,
A lilt for those with heart for mirth :
The treble of the laughing brook
The thunder of the mighty sea,
And over all the one deep Call,
Dear God ! that draws all souls to Thee.

The rustle of the falling leaf,
The whisper of the rising wheat,
— To tell me that my life is brief—
However sad, however sweet !
The joyful words of happy birds,
The song of children blithe and free,
— And over all the one deep Call,
Dear God ! that draws all souls to Thee.

Bye and Bye

Bye and bye the bud will blow,
All the Rose of Life unroll;
Ebbing tides of God shall flow!

Bye and bye the chrysalis
Of thy Summer-waiting soul
Shall aspire to worlds of bliss!

Bye and bye, like Summer dew
Heavenward-mounting, thou shalt know
One broad breast of shining blue.

Bye and bye the Day will break;
Life, a blossom, blow and blow
Fragrant, for the Giver's sake—
Bye and bye.

Marguerites

Marguerites ! marguerites !
Flashing sails that heav'n greets :
Freighted with the gold of noon,
Rimmed with magic of the moon.
Derelicts from starry ways
On the swift blue tide of days—
Whiter than the whitened surf
Of the grassy, wind-swept turf ?
Drifting, lifting boats of dream,
Piloted by one glad beam ;
Silver sails in tossing fleets
Marguerites !

Marguerites ! marguerites !
Thee my kindred spirit greets.
I, too, toss above Life's sea
Frail as thy fragility ;
And when Autumn breezes pass,
I, too, anchor 'neath the grass—
Straining at my cables still
When the sweet and sudden thrill
Of the Springtide rouses me,
Sets my Soul, a blossom, free,
One with hosts of marguerites—
Lifting, drifting marguerites !

Come Again !

Come again !
Ev'ry voice of happy bird,
Ev'ry flow'r by Beauty stirr'd,
Ev'ry meadow, sweet with rain,
Come again !

Come again !
Ev'ry pansy's velvet face,
Ev'ry rose's silken grace,
Ev'ry smiling, wind-swept plain,
Come again !

Come again !
Ev'ry flowing mountain air,
Ev'ry thought to make Life fair,
Ev'ry good from ev'rywhere—
Come ! oh, come again !

The River

I know where a river that runs to the sea
Holds deep in its bosom the laughter of light ;
The joy of the speed-well, the rapturous tree,
And all the frail things that are hidden from sight.

The leaves of the larch are as silver at dawn,
As gold in the glow of the noon's hazy tinge—
O, exquisite waters, that lie like a lawn,
A cool, dappled lawn with the flags for a fringe !

And here, where the blown stars of campion float,
(A red constellation on emerald deeps),
The billowy swan, like a snow-laden boat,
With white, ruffled plumes, a brief anchorage keeps !

The waters are calling to sorrel and fern,
To shamrock and bracken below the steep fall ;
And hark ! if ye listen—(Ah ! listen and learn),
The waters are calling to each and to all !

O, hearts that are absent, wherever ye be !
The purple is rising, the flags are unfurled—
I know where a river that runs to the sea,
Holds deep in its bosom the joy of the world !

A Lover's Song

Lady! lady!
Half the world is Sorrow;
Half the world is sweet with joy,
Sing to joy—"Good morrow!"
Here's the laugh, and here's the sigh,
Here's the will to live or die,
Here's "Good-day!" or here's "Goodbye!"
Say "Goodbye!" to Sorrow.
Sing to joy—
"Good morrow!"

Lady! lady!
Half the world is laughter;
Love, the lad, so sweet of old,
Follows ever after.
In his laughing eyes appear
All that Life holds good and dear:
Love, the world's desire, is here,
Grief may follow after,
All the world is—
Laughter

The Response

But for thee my heart would cease its beating ;
But for thee my laughter could not come !
Thou, the soul of me, afar, yet meeting,
I, the Lamp to light my lover home !
Thou art strong within thy Tower of Passion,
Yet so gentle that I love thee more—
Ah ! with tender hands my Life so fashion
Loving thee, I learn but to adore !

Wealth there is within this Land of Loving !
Joy there is for those whose eyes are pure.
Down its trodden path my feet are moving—
Love ! 'tis only love that shall endure.
Hear my raptured voice so fondly calling,
Come ! come home from those far Isles of Bliss ;
Come ! the tide of life is falling, falling
And I wait to worship thee, and kiss !

The Heart's Release

I sing of love, and bring thee nought but sorrow;
I sing of joy, and bring thee nought but pain;
I sing of life, and daily comes the morrow
With no delight to dawn on thee again!
I sing of love and life and joy together:
I sing of thee in whom they sweetly dwell.
Thy way be sunlit! . . . but with me, ah! never—
Yet, ere thou goest . . .

Fare thee well!

Take! take thy heart; the weary past be broken—
Tears for thy face and for my passion peace!
Take! take thy heart, and leave no loving token—
Sweetly we met—I give thee sweet release;
I will remember thee with slow and sad regret;
Thou must remember . . . remember to forget!

It is not that my heart could love thee dearer
That I in sorrow bid thee sadly go;
Thou knowest that I would have had thee nearer—
It is because I love thee, love thee so!

Therefore in pity leave, ah ! leave me lonely
With dead desires and dreams which for thee fell,
And with thy dear sweet hands forsake me, only
Say, as thou goest . . .

“Fare thee well !”

Take ! take thy heart : the weary past be broken,
The empty dream ; the dawn but not the day !
Take ! take thy heart ! and leave no loving token—
Sweetly we met . . . it were not wise to stay !
I will remember thee with slow and sad regret ;
Thou must remember . . . remember to forget !

Vivian

“How do you do?” was all she said,
Just a toss of the little head;
Just a grip of the little hand;

“How do you do?” was all she said.
O, the eyes were the eyes of truth,
Bright and sweet with the joy of youth,
And the touch of the gentle hand
Told that childhood could understand.

Vivian dear, the years are young,
All your life is a song unsung,

“How do you do?” is simply said—
Just a turn of the little tongue;
Six-year old is your age, you know—

Many a year must come and go;
Vivian dear, when life is read,
“How do you do?” will still be said.

“How do you do?” my little maid,
Life is labour'd and life is play'd;
Life is honour'd in holy calm;
Life shall flourish, tho' life may fade.

Love shall live, though it live anew,
Love is the same to me and you;
Vivian dear, when life means harm—
“How do you do?” shall soothe alarm.

The Fool of Thulé

"Je suis un fou de Thulé."—TRISTAN KLINGSOR

I am a fool of Thulé,
But there is joy in my heart ;
Life is so simple to-day—
Laughing, I dance in the mart !

Were I Bohemia's King
Trouble would sit by my throne,
Every adorable thing
Sadly my heart would disown.

But I am Fool of Thulé
And there is joy in my heart—
Never another so gay !
Laughing, I dance in the mart.

Autumntide

The foam is on the meadow-sweet
In gold and silver spray up-cast,
And purple tides of colour beat
O'er ling and heather fierce and fast.

God's mingled lights are in the sky,
There is no Breath that is not His :
His unspent ardours underlie
The Summer's final wave of bliss.

The poppies' scarlet sails are rent ;
Like burning ships on ev'ry breeze
Their flaming hues with Heav'n are blent—
Red derelicts on Autumn seas !

But lo ! for thee, the Harbour-light,
Death springs, a pilot, to thy side
With sudden strength and calm, keen sight,
True to the helm and tossing tide !

A Dark Day

Here, on the noisy, sunken strand
Now ashen-stained,
Where suns have tinged the girdled sand
Moons waxed and waned,
And faded eyes have strained their gaze
Across the sea,
To find amid their deep amaze
Deep mystery ;
Where livid billows writhe and fold,
And wan waves come,
I, too, advance, like those of old—
I, too, am dumb.
The waves that beat the vapoured beach
Touch finite shores,
That God whom bird and brute beseech
Holds wide His doors !
Like blowing grass, like driven sand,
They feel His hand,
No sooner conscious of their state—
Inanimate !
And I, who stand, and standing, fall,
What more am I
Than yon gray gull with one strange call
’Twixt sea and sky ?

Dead

O, why do they wait till the hands are at rest,
Ere they fill them with clustering flowers?
O, why do they utter the words they think best
Who were silent through life's darksome hours?
O, why do they kiss the inanimate clay,
When love often lingered, but would not confess?
O, hasten! and take the poor body away,
And mock not the dead with the tardy caress!

Tis a sin! 'tis a shame to encircle the dead
With the love that was needed when life was aglow;
And the sweet words unspoken are better unsaid,
And the love that is owing thou'dst better still owe!
Then away with the trappings that hang round the room,
And away with the blossoms that droop o'er the head;
No love that was latent will lighten the gloom,
No word thou can'st falter will call back the dead!

The Garden of the Soul

There is a garden in her soul
Where all her thoughts like lilies grow,
Where roses red with Love unroll
And pansies bright with glad thoughts blow.

There is a garden rich and rare
Whose blossoms are a shining host,
And in that sunlit place I share
A little love, who love her most !

There is a garden in her Soul,
Where blossoms of her beauty blow,
To guide me to that shining goal
My heart, alas ! may never know !

Good-night

Good-night !
The stars are birds
In silver flight ;
My thoughts are words
That say " Good-night ! "

Good-night !
The moon is high
O'er land and sea,
And thou art nigh
This hour to me !

Good-night !
The children pray
In gowns of white ;
All things they say
Be thine this night !

For thou art one
With sea and sky
And star and sun
Yet, not Goodbye . . .
Good-night !

An Easter Hymn

It is the happy Easter morn,
When angels rolled the stone away,
And, lo! the perfect peace is born.
Where Mary came to pray
The Christ no longer lay,
The bars of gloomy death were drawn :
Behold, the perfect day!

It is the happy Easter morn!
"Fear not, sad heart," the angels say;
The Christ leaves not His child forlorn;
His love and comfort stay,
Not where His body lay,
Not where His head was bound with thorn,
But in thy human clay!

It is the happy Easter morn!
Come, roll the stone of self away:
Divine the head that wore the thorn!
Ah! make no more delay,
That aching heart obey,
And from that face, so white and worn,
Salvation find to-day!

Earth's Many Creeds

Some have made their gods of gold.
Some the fetish have forsaken ;
Some with Brahma converse hold
As their cloudy thoughts awaken !
Some up-roll the frenzied prayer
To the fiery paths of Heaven—
Some the holy vestments wear
In the Churches that are Seven.

Some to Buddha slowly raise
Reflex faces he is lending,
And the Poet pipes in praise
Of the peaceful Pan unending !
Some the wafer break and bless,
Some to Pagan gods are falling :
Hearest Thou in tenderness
Lord, Earth's many voices calling?

Submerged

Hue beneath hue,
Under the prodigal blue
Of the sea
Glimmers the sand!
I unto you
Reach from my colourless
Waters of life
Hand unto hand.

Sunlight and dew
Steep thee in glory of God—
Thou art free!
Living above
All I pass through,
In the Dead Sea of my life,
Without you. . . .
Love! O, my love!

Lighten Thou Mine Eyes

Consider and hear me, O Lord, my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of Death."—PSALM XIII. 3.

When the drowsy wings of Death
Rustle at my chamber-door;
When the Spirit which is Breath
Breathes upon me evermore.

When the tarrying Soul delays
In its stricken house below—
Lord! through all Thy lofty ways,
Whither shall my spirit go?

Lighten Thou mine eyes lest they
Knowing that which is not Thee,
Lead the wayward Soul astray
Hopeless through Eternity.

A Child's Prayer

Lord of the Body, live with me,
Dwell Thou near me in joy or pain ;
Speak to my Soul and Thou shalt be
Keeper over my Castle, Brain.
Down its corridors sweetly bring
Thoughts of God for my tongue to sing !

Lord of the Spirit, dwell with me,
Sin shall come as a guest no more ;
Lo ! at Thy throne, on bended knee,
I, Thy little one, Love implore.
Christ of the children, intercede—
Make me stronger in Thought and Deed !

Lift Thy Heart



Lift thy heart
For the glad world's sake!
Live thy life
For the good of all:
There's a road
For each soul to take,
There's a comrade
To heed thy call.
Sleep will come
But the soul shall wake—
Lift thy heart
For the glad world's sake!

Love the best,
For the best shall live;
Pray for all,
There is need for prayer
Gifts thou hast—
Be thou rich and give!
Life is fleeting,
But Heav'n is fair.

Sleep will come
But the soul shall wake—
Lift thy heart
For the glad world's sake!

A Fairy Song



When clear against the Summer sky
The stars, like silver birds, appear,
The dear old days come back to me—
I feel their joyous moments near;
Each leaf that trembles in the wind
Tells of the past, and soon, ah! soon
The happy Fairies come again,
Rocked in the Cradle of the Moon!

One little maid lets down her hair
And the twilight fills the earth!
One little lad so sweet and fair
Smiles and the world has mirth!
Two little men with tiny hands
Play with a toy balloon—
And the old man laughs
As he gently rocks
The Cradle of the Moon!

When, blown by ev'ry passing breeze,
The deep blue curtain of the night
Shakes slowly down the starry sky,
The old earth thrills with new delight !
The little clouds swim East to West
In rainbow-tinted colours strewn—
And all the happy Fairies come
Rocked in the Cradle of the Moon !

One little maid lets down her hair
And the twilight fills the earth !
One little lad so sweet and fair
Smiles, and the world has mirth !
Two little men with tiny hands
Play with a toy balloon ;
And the old man laughs
As he gently rocks
The Cradle of the Moon !

The Flight of the Fairies

The Fairies have fled
From the banks of the stream,
No longer they dance
By the moon's misty gleam;
Their footsteps are silent—
Their voices are dead :
The green glades no longer
Resound with their tread.

O, where are the Fairies?
The gay Elves of old
Who danced 'mid the leaflets
Of yellow and gold ;
Who flirted and fluttered
By river and glade,
And sang 'neath the beauty
Of moonlight and shade !

They have left the sweet Elfland
Of joy and delight,
To bring us their treasure—
The world to make bright !

And rocked by light fingers
Where Fairydom gleams,
The Child softly sails
To the Island of Dreams.

Dead Leaves Whisper

There is no song within the wood,
The trees are silent ever;
The land hath lost its ancient good,
And spent with their endeavour,
The dead leaves whisper, sweet and low,
The happy thoughts of long ago !

There is no joy in street or lane,
No raptured voices calling :
The weary earth grows old again
While all her leaves are falling—
And still they whisper, sweet and low,
The happy thoughts of long ago !

There is no present, but the past
Breaks out in sudden yearning?
The loveliest leaves of life are cast
When all the heart is burning—
The dead leaves whisper, sweet and low,
The happy thoughts of long ago !

To a Lady Artist

*She is rapt in dreams divine :
As her clouds of beauty pass,
On our glowing hearts they shine
Mirrored there as in a glass.—A. E.*

Could I have seen or have understood?
This day-dream is the soul of her :
The wave of gold 'neath the holland hood,
The lilac sleeves with the sweet wrists bare—
A panel against the wood !

To bring new life to an old Rembrandt
With touch of sepia, gift of grey ;
Where later the wainscot woos, aslant
The western sunlight, or here, at play,
A Nymph and a Cupid pant !

O, happy heart to have thought of thee !
Where throbs a Titian, armour-clad ;
And rare Madonnas, in sanctity—
O, happy heart to have made me glad ! . . .
Antique simplicity !

For still the face on the canvas grows
In shade and silence, in gleam and gloom :
The Tudor tapestry darkly throws
Its old-time legend adown the room
Where I from my dream arose.

Blind

Dawn, like an opal, is set
On the dark bosom of night ;
All the wide pastures are wet—
O, for one moment of sight !

*Never to capture again
Flash of the fugitive rain.
Never to witness the stir
In the Spring aisles of the air.
Never to see, in the sun,
Lambs in the grey meadows run.
Never to know when the dove
Floats like a cloud to its love.
Never to gather the hue
Held in God's infinite blue !*

Night, like a Shepherd, descends
Sheer from his mountains of light
Stars are the flocks he attends—
O, for one moment of sight !

A June Sanctuary

I have a church to worship in,
Its pillars are the pine,
Its song the rivulet's low din,
Its light the clear sunshine ;
And arch and aisle are dense with leaf
Beneath a dome of blue—
I have a church to worship in,
A sermon ever new !

The pale grey Priests of Morn and Eve
Pace corridors of peace,
And reverential songsters weave
Bright thoughts that never cease ;
The censers of the blossoms burn
On altars swept with dew—
I have a church to worship in
A sermon ever new !

The Helmsman

I have a window that looks o'er the sea,
Leagues of bright sunlight and miles of salt air;
Home come the white ships in fancy to me—
Home to the harbour from oceans of Care!

I know a Steersman who stands at the helm,
Watching the canvas and watching the sea;
What though the waters would rise and o'erwhelm,
Hope is the helmsman—none better than he!

I have a fancy, and may it come true!
Ye on Life's ocean, ah! listen to me—
What though the dark waves of trouble pursue,
Hope, the bright helmsman, will guide o'er the sea!

The Ship

I builded my ship
From truck to keel,
From stem to stern, from rail to rail,
A faithless skipper against the wheel.
O, idle hope! O, armour frail!
I launched my vessel upon the sea,
Where tides are strong and winds are free—
And the ship went down!

I fashioned my life
From day to day,
From year to year, from dawn to dusk.
I laughed at thought of the lonely way—
O, faithless heart! O, empty husk!
I launched my barque in Eternity,
Where Death is strong and Souls are free—
And the ship went down!

God's Noblemen

Les âmes bien nées.

God's noblemen are they who win
The battle in a fight forlorn—
The Souls well-born.

And they who crush the fiend within
Are Kings on that imperial morn,
Bright Souls, well-born.

God's noblemen are they who hold
Earth's coronets with speechless scorn;
The Souls well-born.

For these are they who suffer long,
Who wear the crown of piercing thorn—
The Souls well-born.

Heard not all well-born in
this world, but every
man's soul is well-born—
Equality of man—
58
the equality of man
the equality of mankind.

The Dead Statesman

White as the white rose lieth he !
The deep, white sleep that is not death
Laps him round, like a tideless sea
Brimming up from its zones of breath.
In his Temple of Peace he lies,
Carven hands on the snow-white sheet ;
Sleep, white sleep on his Godward eyes,
Deed and dream of his life complete !
Never manhood so clothed a man
With the garments that shall endure :
Robes eternal ! the mortal plan
Made immortal in one so pure.
No such Flower of Faith as his
Fades or falls 'neath that holy Sun
Which he worshipped, in kindred bliss,
Burning Heavenward. Heaven is won !
So we leave him and feel that here
Is no home for the soul of him ;
One great star in Heaven is clear—
One great star in our sky is dim !

Night

N ight, a woman in crape,
Decked with a single star,
Watches the god-like Sun
Dream in his golden car.

He with the light of days
Held in his sinking hand ;
She with her gentle ways
Hallowing all the land.

Sudden the daylight dies. . .
"Earth, thou art weary, rest!"
Night, with reverent eyes
Folds thee, warm, to her breast.

To Hélène Vacaresco

A Sheaf of Verse



The Rising of the Sea

At night the level water broke ;
At Dawn it beat upon the coast.
The Reapers of the Deep awoke
On ev'ry wave, a wind-blown host :
The liquid sickles smote the shore,
Like wheat the rock, the stubborn trec.
It fell—with flash and sullen roar
The grey scythe of the sea !

Solitude

Here, on the ashen, moaning shore,
The ridgy waste, like sunken hulls,
Lies desolate for evermore.
The long procession of the gulls
Alone defines this vast estate,
And makes a dead world animate.

Rain on the Sea

The Paradisal rain,
Blue dust of shattered noon,
Is falling on the main—
Heaven's highest, richest boon ;
From starry spaces spun,
On silver silence strewn—
The rubies of the sun,
The opals of the moon !

The Tenant

This is the house, but not the home,
Wide will the tenant-spirit roam!
Over the swiftly-flowing bars,
Over the barricade of stars,
Over the violet waste of God—
Into the bosom of the Lord!

The Clouds

The clouds are brooding doves,
White-winged for but one day;
And earth's desires and loves
As swiftly pass away.
The clouds descend in rain,
The raptured earth awakes—
So Love, thro' tears of pain,
To perfect beauty breaks !

Near

Though I know that His lamp is a star,
And the green of the ocean His gown,
I yet cannot think Him afar

But see the sharp thorns in His crown,
Though I know that His lamp is a star
And the green of the ocean His gown!

The Outcast

From God and man apart
He trod in fear and pain
The highway of the heart,
The byway of the brain.
From starry courts withdrawn ;
Unheeding in his flight
Sheer solitudes of Dawn,
White multitudes of Night !

Nightfall on the Sea

N ight-wings steal athwart the deep,
Phantom ships are on the tide;
Ev'ry saffron Gate of Sleep
Closes, and two worlds divide.
One to slumber, heart to heart,
One to labour, side by side:
Blue-eyed Day, how strong thou art!
Starry Night, how sweet a bride!

Cloud-ways

O

als fell from the cloud-ways,
Sapphires fell from the sun.
Rubies set in the loud ways
Where wind and water run ;
Rain-clouds opened their wonder—
Glimmering gems were strewn
Under the sunset-thunder,
Under the rising moon !

Sunset, scatter thy treasure !
Moon-rise, kindle the sea—
O, for a heart at leisure,
Worshipping only thee :
Thee and that wondrous Giver
Under whose throne are spun
Liquid coins for the river,
Starlit gems for the sun !

Conspiracy

The Sunlight white and free,
A shining avalanche,
Descends on leaf and tree—
And lo! in ev'ry branch
A bright resistless sea.

So world with world conspires,
In sapphire realms of space,
To kindle thy desires
And bring thee to His face—
Bright with the heav'nly fires!

Environment

The morning world is a dewdrop
In the rhythmic realms of space,
And the stars are little children
Singing in God's glad face:
And man is a happy comrade
With these, 'neath one blue tent,
Strong with their daily greeting—
One with the firmament!

Cloud Lands

God's magnificent mountains
Sprang from the sun and sea,
March winds smote their fountains
And April longed to be
Threshing the shining raindrops
Into the raptured tree !

Seeds from the snowy cloud-lands
Broke into bright blue rain ;
Seeds in the riven sunlight
Broke on the level plain.
Seeds in a heart of sorrow
Looked up to God again !

The Pilot

Life is a Coast that threatens with disaster!
Frail is the Barque that stormy winds pursue.
Man was not made to be his only master—
There is a duty, simple, be it true.
There is a Pilot waiting on the Ocean,
There is a Harbour built for ev'ry Soul,
Hearts are the Sails that fill with God's emotion
He, the one Pilot, guides from pole to pole.

The Eternal

He walks within the pathway of the moon,
And treads th' unerring orbit of the sun ;
In dewdrop and in star His thoughts are strewn,
And wind and water know th' Eternal One.
Where unimagined spheres arise and roll,
Where mating birds uprear their tiny nest,
He lives and loves, abiding, Soul for soul,
By star and creature, night and morning blest.

The Star-Child

The Stars are children's faces!
God calls them from below
To shine in Heavenly places,
Bright blessings to bestow.

Last night there shone from Venus
A glory not her own,
And I, with worlds between us,
Dear Child! was not alone!

The Rose of Thought

A rose was my thought,
And its petals were shed:
Yet one found the blossom
Most delicate, dead.
For lo! in the leaves
Summer whispered again,
And the dear eyes grew dim—
Ah! sweet Summer rain.

A Fragment

To my heart I softly said—
Grief shall be my guest no more ;
Trouble not the sleeping dead,
Beauty's Soul they now adore.
Images in water, they,
We poor reeds of Summer song ;
Mem'ry bids each shadow stay—
Lo ! they pass, a silent throng.

The Web

Without, the set of the sun ;
Within the heat of the heart—
And never a spider spun
His web with a subtler art.
Oh, woman, with foul-sweet face,
Thank God that I paused one breath,
And saw in that gloomy place
The dusky shadow of death.

Twilight

Now Night's blue bosom bends in sleep,
And white star-faces gleam above;
The lilac flames from steep to steep
And upward swings the Lamp of Love.
Like silver moths the moments fly,
Grey-winged upon a twilight-sea—
Ah! would that I could sink and die
In this dear night to dwell with thee!

The Moon is like a Silver Cage

The Moon is like a silver Cage
Set softly in the Sky,
And one by one the stars peep in
And one by one pass by:
The white-winged Birds,
The bright winged Birds
That wheel and wheel on high,
With Suns for thoughts and Worlds for words
And Songs that cannot die!

An Easter Song

With delicate delay
God fashions every flower ;
The newly-risen clay
Exults in sun and shower.
So man from earth shall rise,
When bolts and bars are drawn,
With wonder in his eyes—
O happy Easter dawn !

A Child's Face

I knew the Saviour of the past,
But could not see the risen Christ ;
My Heaven of hope was overcast,
My soul from God by self enticed.
This clay, my coffin, wrapped me round
In folds of living dark decay ;
The sustenance of light and sound
Gave me no God, poor servants they.
Till sudden, in a child's sweet face
God showed me light and hope and grace.

My King

“ My King can do no wrong,”
His realm is in my heart :
He holds dominion strong
With more than kingly art,
And when my thoughts take wing
They circle round my King.

A Noontide Thought

Peace ! deep peace on hill and vale,
Silent are the brooding birds
'Neath their green and drooping veil,
Hush'd their melting liquid words ;
Harvester of Life's bright day—
O, my Soul, be thou as they !

When the quiet noontide weaves
Silence for the feathered throng,
Glad within that house of leaves
Gather thou the hope of Song ;
Harvester of Life's bright day—
O, my Soul, be thou as they !

The Silent City

Shadows passed me in the street,
Ghosts of neighbours long since dead ;
Mem'ry caught each gesture fleet,
Back to life each spirit led !
Phantoms now in heart and brain,
God's reality the rose,
Sweet with sunlight and with rain,
O'er their Silent City blows.

A Wish

Love, Dream and Desire !
Comrade and friend :
Time cannot tire
Love, Dream and Desire—
With these aspire,
And God defend
Love, Dream and Desire,
Comrade and friend !

Dawn : From the High Level Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne

The dull and rainy clouds to earth are bending ;
The footsteps of the Dawn are on the Tyne.
A myriad chimneys to the sky are sending
The breath of Toil, mixed with the breath Divine.
The Quayside and the Close, like phantom cities,
Rise lurid from the river-way below,
And Night, who looks, and loves and always pities,
Draws the dark bolts and bids her children go !

An Impression

A storm of jonquils
And tulips red,
To thine own rhythm
And colour wed;
A maid full-hearted,
The fairest flow'r
That graced the flight
Of a May-day hour !

The Stars

The Stars are little places
In Heaven's floor of blue,
Where happy Children's faces
Smiling with joy peep through.

And Mothers feeling lonely
Forget awhile their pain,
For nightfall brings them only
Some long-lost Child again!

Aspiration

Let me live again !
I have not been told
How with sun and rain
God builds hill and wold ;
Kindles in the sky
Blossoms white and red,
Stars that never die—
Dust of daisies dead.

Let me live again !
Fling with eager hand
Death from heart and brain,
Weave the living strand,
Knowing Him who made
Sound in soul and limb
I, who disobeyed,
Loving only Him.



The Oak.

I am the oak, the sturdy oak !
Year by year I cast my cloak ;
Acorns tinkle and leaves have speech—
I am the oak and dwell with each !
What though children of mine decay?
All my years are as one long day.
Ev'ry channel of earth is free—
Leaf and acorn are born of me !
I too weary and fall at last,
Break the mooring and strip the mast,
Conscious only that leaf and wood
Rise and fall for the great world's good.
I, the comrade of sea and fire—
One with man and his vast desire !

Epitaph

The twelve majestic months lie here,
The sons and daughters of the year.
And three went forth in verdure clad,
And three 'neath Summer skies were glad,
And three brought in the yellow corn,
And three with grief and doubt were torn :
God rest their souls where'er they be
Each dear full-hearted trinity !

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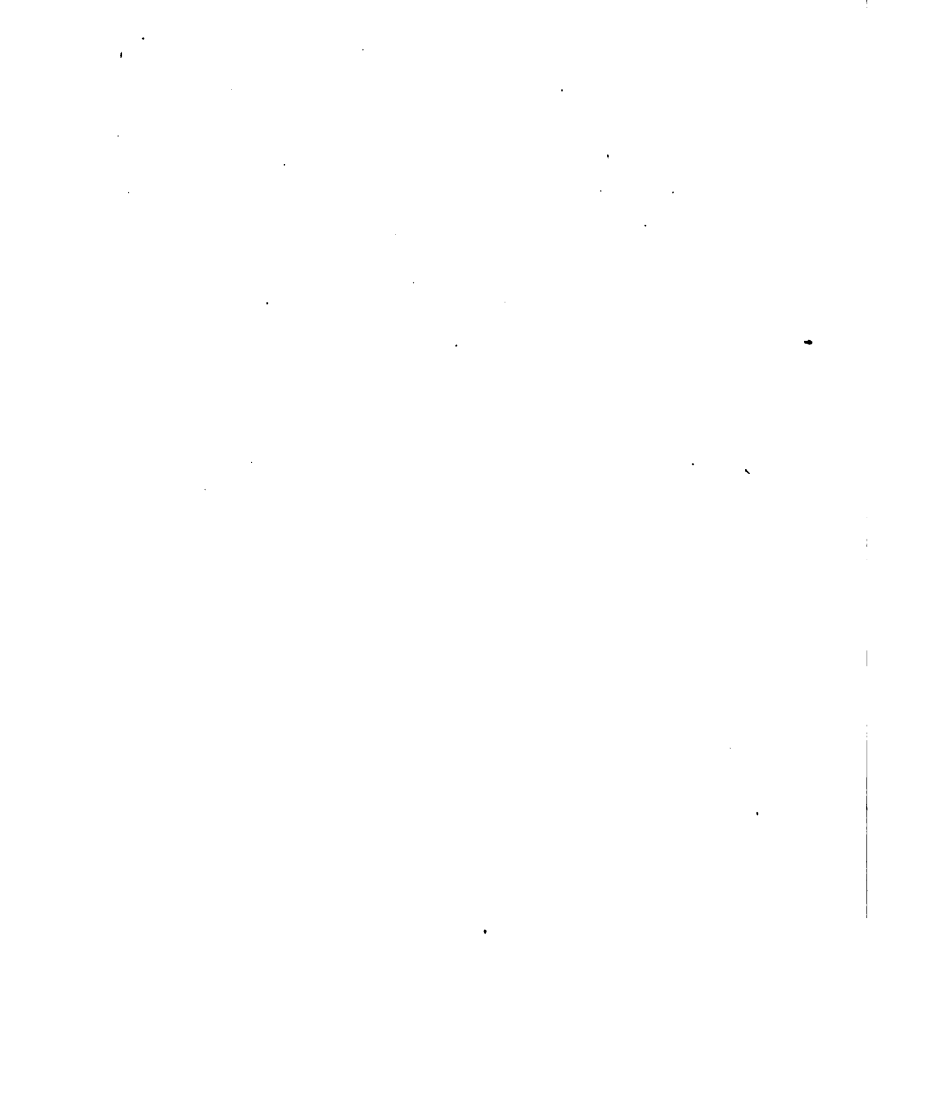
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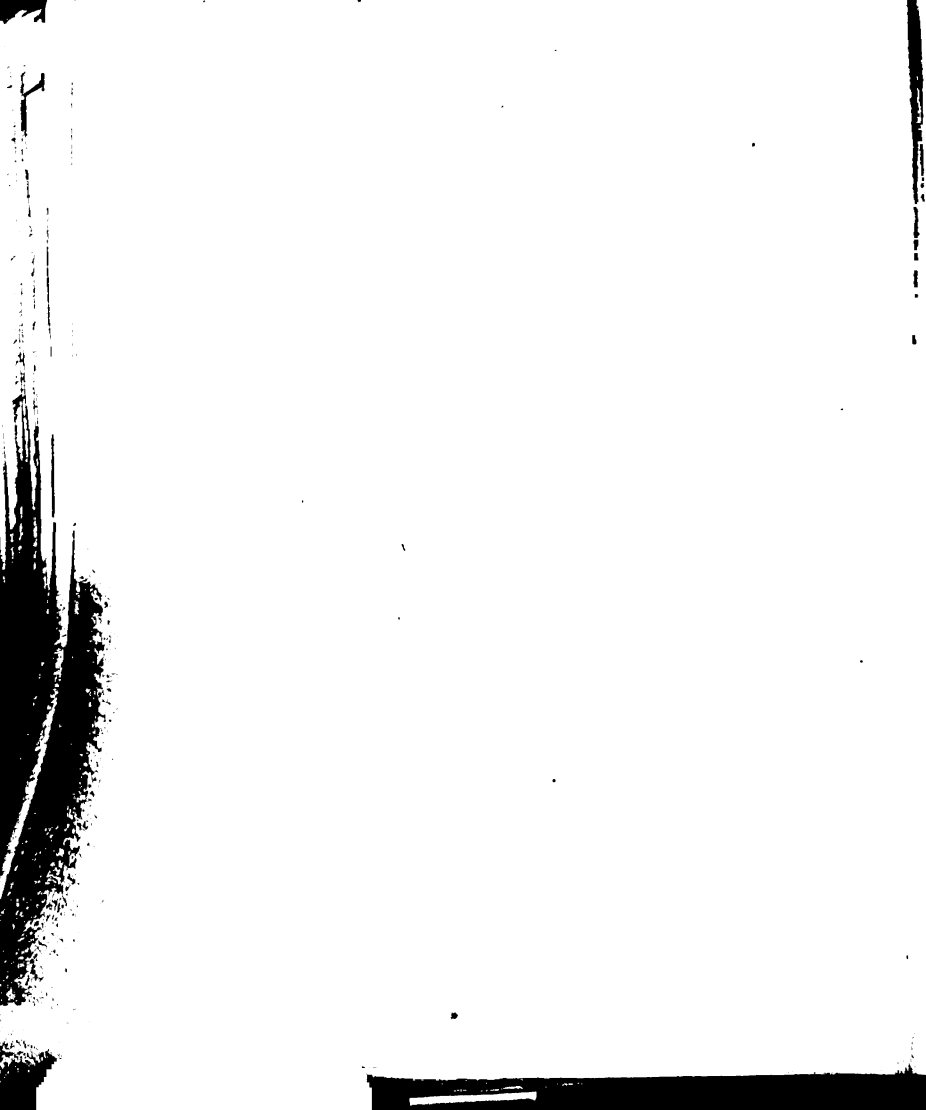
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